

GALLANTRY A-la-mode,

A
SATYRICAL POEM,

In III PARTS.

Representing the Vanities of several
Humours of this present Age.

Semel insanivimus omnes.

LONDON,

Printed by T. R. & N. T. for the
Author, and are to be Sold by
Booksellers, Anno Domini, 1674.

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concerning the Vanities of several
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TO THE
READER.

WHenever thou art if thou dar'st
be so bold (after the *Title*
Page to proceed, expect nothing of
Seriousness in this *Discourse*, that be-
ing altogether as great a *stranger* to
this *Extravagant Age*, as *Civility* and
good *Manners* amongst the rudest
Barbarians. And therefore those *Per-*
sons that value themselves upon their
own *Sobriety*, (*alias Hypocrisie*) who
can relish no *Discourses* but what are
writ against the present *Government*,
are fore-warn'd that this was never
Calculated for the *Meridian* of their
A 2 Brains.

To the Reader.

Beings which should have no design'd
much to concern me self, accounting
them so inconsiderable, that I might
but cast away upon them; but the
brisk aiery Humors of both Sexes in
this flourishing Town shall be constant
Subjects of my Pen. 'Tis for the Di-
versions that I have transform'd my
self, (for I am resolv'd to put on as
many shapes as ever Proteus did) into
the form of a young Gallant, raw and
unfledg'd, and newly come to Town;
and no sooner there but enter'd into
a Bawdy-house, and one of such an In-
ferior Rank that I can make no more
Excuse for my self; then he that ha-
ving a handsome Wife with all the
commendable Qualities that may be
requir'd in one of that Sex; forsakes
her Company for the impertinent Con-
versation of a dirty Kitchen-Mench.
Reader, I believe thy Eyes itch to
know who 'tis I mean now; but no
matte

To the Reader.

matter for that. I have lately read
 some where, and I think 'twas in a
 Place that to name a person (one de-
 signs to set forth) is not like a Cava-
 lier. I am resolv'd to take that advice,
 and therefore thou must excuse me if
 I fail in the satisfaction of thy *Longing*;
 but let it suffice thee that it is not im-
 probable, but that there may be such a
 person, & also such a person as I design
 in my *First Part*. In the *Second Part*
 I have transform'd my self into One,
 whose many Extravagancies have pro-
 cur'd him a little dear-bought Expe-
 rience, and is now arriv'd at a higher
 pitch of Gallantry, (or Debauchery, no
 great matter which, for at this time
 they may be Converted without a So-
 lemnity) and briskly attacks a young
 Gentleman, that I am resolv'd to call Phil-
 lip, whose Youth is not only adorn'd
 with Beauty, but Wit, and (as ill-
 luck will have it) with Vertue too:
 which

To the Reader.

which makes the matter very difficult, and the greater Novel, for had there been one that would have accepted of a Coach and six Horses, or a House richly furnished with a large Exhibition, &c. thou'lt have said this is a common thing, and every day practis'd, but to make a Woman to be Debauch'd upon the account of pure Love in this Age, I'll assure thee is a very great Rarity. Yet don't despair Reader, thou maist bring such a thing to pass thy self (if thou hast a mind to it) if thou chusest as fit an Agent for thy purpose as I did, and hast as much command of thy passion, and be it not over-hasty; *Ars magni sceleris parva requirit nec cito fit Magister*, which I might English thus, That it is as difficult to be thoroughly bad, as 'tis to be singularly good: There mayst thou see Virtue tempted in the highest manner, and at last overcome, which could

could I with as much probability have found a *Refuge* for it in its last Extremity, it had been certainly done; but I'll assure thee amongst all the Relations which I have lately received (which have been of no small number) I have not found any *Intrigue*, (unless it has been spoil'd in the management) but has taken effect, mangle all the resistance of *Wit* and *Versus*. And least some should take Exception that there should be so much said of one *Vice*, and nothing of another (altogether as common) called *Drinking*, I have in the Third Part transformed my self into one who commits those Extravagancies he never intended, wherein all Persons may see that neither the tie of Friendship, nor the consideration of *Age* or *Sex* is able to restrain the Violence of a Drunken passion; 'tis the Excess of that which is the Bane of all good

Company, and makes those Sets neither acceptable to themselves, nor others. And now having thus given thee a brief account of what is contained in these Parts, thou may'st expect some Reasons why I Wrote them, but truly Reader, those things have been altogether discontinu'd by our late writing Authors, and I am very unwilling to introduce the Custom. And how I shall speak a Word to those (if there should be any such) that may seem concern'd at any thing in this Poetry: let them first for their satisfaction know, that they are not certain whether they are the Persons intended, or very Humor being applicable to a great many, though it may so fall out to be applied to some more particularly; Next (if this will not satisfy them) let them consider I might have said much more then I did, and as I have spared them it will be but Equiv

spend Justice for them to spare me
 loosely) (if nothing will satisfy them)
 let them let me turn the buckles of
 their Girdles behind them, confess
 those things whereof they are accus'd,
 and then let the whole World be
 Judge, and give each Caps to those
 that shall best deserve them. Next I
 should make an *Apology* for my self;
 (and I believe it will be thought by
 some there is much need of one) con-
 cerning the mean thoughts that I may
 seem to have of the *Female Sex* in
 General. Let those know that I am
 not of their Opinion that think there is
 not a *Virtuous Woman*; my own Ex-
 perience can testify to the contrary,
 and I wish (notwithstanding what is
 here written) their number may be
 still increas'd. If any shall reame for
 speaking of *Marriage* more slightly
 then becomes the dignity of that Con-
 dition, I would have those to under-
 stand

stand one to have means *Positively*, that
 is according to the practice of *Conscience*
 our modern *Wits* (for I will not war-
 rant my self to be a *Teacher* of people a-
 gainst such a *Temptation*) who as to
 this may be resembled to *Adulterers*,
 who seldom Dye before they have
 chang'd their *Opinions*: so they, after
 they have drain'd themselves dry for
Wit and Rallery to expose their so
 much contemned *State of Marriamony*,
 yet nevertheless run themselves head-
 long into that *Trap* which they would
 seem to forewarn the whole *World* to
 avoid. Likewise if any shall be offend-
 ed at the *Manner* herein contained, as
 being too scurrilous for their *nice*
Ears; let them know that I as much
 condemn and detest as they do, or can,
 all *Discourses* which have nothing else
 to embellish their wit or *Language*, but
 obscene and filthy *Expressions*, which
 I hope none in direct terms can find
 here,

To the Readers

Notwithstanding whatever their politick under-
standings may discover to be implied,
of which to excuse my self, I might
rainy approve to most of our Modern
Wits and Writers, repeat something
out of the late Prologues, and Epi-
taphs, that have been received with
such applause from the Publick The-
atres, were I minded to be so foolish-
ly malicious (although I might plead
Example for it) to think to conceal
my own Faults, by the discovering of
other mens. I hope the candidly In-
genious will find nothing more here
then what the Nature of Satyrical
Dialect may permit, or the Characters
of such like Persons (here intended)
may justly require; And I question
not but that they, as well as I, would
think that Painter guilty of a very
gross mistake who should produce a
Saint, where he first design'd a Devil.
Lastly, I fear (notwithstanding what

To the Reader.

I have hitherto said) some Papers
will Object, That I might have been
better employ'd, then thus to expose
my person. (if I should be known) to
Obloquie and scandal; The truth of it
is, Reader, I am more concern'd at
this, then at any thing else that will be
said against my Book, and I do assure
thee could I have procur'd my self a
better employment, thou had'st never
been troubled with me: as for the
scandal, I am almost of the Opinion of
that ingenious Comedian, that in any
is as hard to get as Preferment; I am
sure that hitherto I have found it so,
and am resolv'd to hold on the
course of Writing till I shall be con-
vinc'd of my Error one way or other.
I shall not be surpris'd if I should
be told that I am a very foolish
man, who should produce a
Book where he is oblig'd to
say I fear I fear (notwithstanding what
I

TO THE

TO THE

MEN

Y^e On d'fain be flatter d' not one
Word

For Dedication to a Lord;

Were not that way of Writing Old,

To th' Author dares not be so bold;

Least that with some the Quere be,

Who's more to blame, the Lord, or
He.

Expect not here some gaudy Scene,

To tell you what the Book doth mean;

But

*'Twas not produc't from either House,
Where Mountain groves, and Teeming
Moules
Where you seem Charm' of Faier
Ground,
With Listning to the thundring
Sound
Of Words you catch at the Re-
bound.
There you'e been told what ne'r was
True,
(At least will not be so with You)
But otherwise you'r handled here,
Where you in Uizard Masques appear:
And well you know much Truth is said
Under Disguise of Masquerade.*

TO THE
LADYES.

Lady what *et* to Men is due,
The Author owes Respect to you;
Tis your fair Sex that he Adores,
On whom he practis'd his Amours.
He lay's his *Phillis* at your Feet,
In hopes your milder Doom to meet;
Pardon her Tomb, 'twas but a slip,
The surest Foot may sometimes trip;
At least confer her Punishment
On him your humble Penitent.
Who willingly would for her sake
As great a satisfaction make

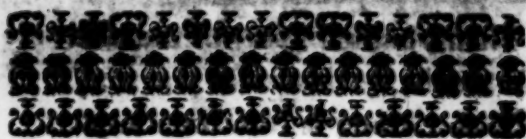
He hopes by this to let you see,
From your own ^{INT} ~~own~~ Treachery.

Be true amongst your loves; and then
You're safe beyond the ~~reach~~ of ~~the~~ ~~sea~~.

If he that ~~comes~~ preserv'd
Receive a ~~Crown~~ for his ~~reward~~
Note to that man must needs be due
Who ~~say~~ ~~layes~~ in saving you.

On whom he practis'd his ~~treachery~~
He lay's his Phyllis at your Feet,
In hopes your milder Doom to meet;
~~Reason her Tomb, 'twere but a step~~

The turnst For may sometimes trip;
At least confer her Punishment
On him your humble Penitent.
GALLAN
Who nothing would for her sake
As great a satisfaction make



GALLANTRY A-la-mode,

PART I.

Opprest with *Cares*, involv'd with
Night,

I went to seek a new *Delight*.

My clouded *Eyes* could scarcely show

My treach'rous *Feet* which way to go.

At length with *Halts* & trembling *Pace*,

Before I wisht, th'approacht the *Place*;

B

Then

2 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part I.

Then troubled *Thoughts* did make me
doubt,

'Twixt going in, and coming out,

But when *Desire* the *Bait* had laid,

I willingly my self betray'd ;

And bo'dly I am enter'd in

The *Place* accusom'd unto *Sin*.

And well might guess by *Farthing light*

Those that came *There* play'd least in
fight.

Next little *Volume* I did see ,

Which *There* will never practis'd be.

Upon a Shelf a Pipkin stood,

That did contain some *three days Food*;

For *Gruel* is their chiefest *Meat*,

Nor better can afford to *Eat* :

For most of what they get This *Day*

Must *Constable* or *Beadle* pay

Th

Part I. Gallantry A-la-mode. 3

The next, and bribed *Law* must be.
A *Pimp* to their *Debauchery*.

At last grave *Matron* me accosts,
With *Looks* more sharp than *Green-*
land Frosts,

And like that *Earth* when *Day* is done
Neglected by the *Half Years Sun*,
Methought I lookt. Says she y'are bold,
My bolted Hatch might make you hold
Your Hand before you it unpin;

I keep no Ale-house, nor no Inn.

Hereafter I will have a Lock,
Then those that come to me must Knock.
I never saw You here before,
Your Token else go out of Dore.

I thought when rattl'd at that rate,
She Breeding learnt at *Billings-gate*.

4 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part I.

And answer'd, 'Twas not my intent
Your *Privacy* to circumvent,
But thought when in *Jack* ---- Name
I came, you would not *boldness* blame.
He told me whisp'ring in my Ear,
Convenient boldness was taught here.
He that can such a Token show,
My close Intrigues (saith she) shall know
Pleasures I have that Tongue can't tell
And Courts me to go up to Hell.
Then crazy *Stair-case* we ascend,
Where largely she do's *Wine* commend
And by her *Simpring* would disclose
That *Money* first I must depose.
Though *Gully* was, yet I could scent
The drift of this her *Complement*.
And humor'd it, and then away
In haste she goes, whilst I Survey

I. Part II Gallantry A-la-mode. 5

What Furniture above was plac'd,
Curtains and Vallains so disgrac't
With Raggs, and Jaggs, and Tatters
were,

Ten Thousand Beggars I may swear
Though dress'd with Art, and utmost
Spight,
Can never shew me such a Sight.

If thus the outward case be deckt,
What's hid within I must inspect;
And turn'd down Sheets c'n cover'd
be

With Plaister'd Filth, and putrid Gore,
Pandora's box did ne'r compress
Such various kinds of Nastiness.

Next Blankets pinkt with Sally-Ports,
For Lice, and Fleas to mannage
sports.

6 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part I.

I had not yet o're-lookt the *Quilt*,
But up comes *Band* with *Wine*, and
Filt.

Stone-Bottle then she holdeth out,
And cries, *now let us drink about* :
Come here's a Health unto the best.
(And you that please make out the
rest)

Once round, and *Bottle* does depart,
Scarcely so hollow as her *Heart*.
When such a *Cheat* did make me stare,
This *Wine's* so good 'tis turn'd to *Air*.
She smiling says, *but hang't, since we*
Are now such pleasant Company.
The tother *Bottle* is not much,
Let ill-bred *Clowns* their *Moneygrutch*.
Then down the *Stairs* she posts away,
Whil'st I above with *Tit* do stay.

And

Part I. Gallantry A-la-mode. 7

And 'twas a pleasant Sight to see
 How with affected Modesty
 She wheadel'd, when I did intrude
 With Hand, or Foot, pray Sir you'r rude.
 Loves Fire did kindle, but not burn,
 The old one made so quick return.
 When Bottle had gone formers fate,
 Then she of Filt began to prate.
 It may be Sir you'l think what I
 Do now relate, may seem a Lie,
 I must confess I've told a few :
 By all that's secret this is true.
 This little Rogue that now you see,
 From Country came last Week to me.
 Methinks I see what pretty Feats
 She shew'd, stroaking of Mullys Teats :
 And then a tickling Sonnet sings ;
 But here she learneth better things.

8 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Look on her well, survey each Part,
This is no Beauty made by Art.
Let painted Bitches boast their stains,
Brisk Blood runs Sporting through these
Veins.

At Giffords, Creswels and elsewhere
Where precise Damsel does appear,
Perhaps you've bin, no greater Cheat
Is shewn, then Lady spruce, and neat.
Lick makes the Corals of her Lips,
And he that Kisses Plaister slips.
I smile to think how oft y'are mumpt,
In clapping Cheeks with Engines
plumpt.
False-Eye-brows, and false-shade of
Haire,
When one and t'other Place is bare.

Part I. Gallantry & Amours. 69

If urgent you be for to know
Th' occasion of its being so,
Confounded Lye she strait will faint;
How that she Travel'd once to Spain,
And large account gives of a Lord
That kept her there at bed, and board,
And by the Custom of that Place,
The smoothest Skin has greatest grace;
Highly praising of that Nation,
For keeping still one constant Fashion:
To shew her Travels, Breeding, State,
In this, she them will imitate.

Thus oft she Cullys may deceive,
But somewhat else 'twas by your leave:
And though of it she won't be known,
The Clap was got from Spanish Don.
If still you like such a Bald-coot,
Take her with Clap and Pox to boot.

Let

20 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part I.

Let my Perswasions make you wise,
Be not Trapan'd with those damn'd Lies.
Try mine once, then tell me whether
You like best ; and go together.

No sooner said, but she is gone,
And I with Tempter left alone.

Whil'st I resolv'd to fly those Eyes,
My Soul was taken by Surprise :
Unusual Flames my Heart had fir'd,
Nor could I tell what I desir'd.

As tender Maid that ne'r had known
Th' effects which from fierce Love
have grown

With lingring Sickness pines away ;
And makes a Night, before 'twas Day,
Of rosie Beauty : whil'st that she
Amaz'd at her Infirmary ,

Part I. Gallantry A-la-mode. 11

It's growing Rage would fain prevent;
But 'las poor Soul she's Innocent :

Now longs for *this*, and now for *that*,
So I *desir'd* I knew not *what*.

And fearing least she might deny,
Unask'd I gave *Gratuity* :

And said, *You guess what 'tis I want,*
Since I do give, 'tis you must grant

A Favour, which I would conceal,
But Love compels me to reveal :

That Tyrant o'r my Heart doth reign,
And only you can swage my pain.

Then with a *smile* she *kisses* me,
And off falls *vizard Modesty* :

If I (says she) *can give you ease,*
I will be kind, and what you please ;

Make no delay, but strait fulfill
Your own Desire : do what you will.

22 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II

As one that ne'r knew nought but
Night,
When suddainly is brought to Light;
Fears for to see, nor dares to wink,
And knows not what to do, or think:
So ne'r before known different sex,
Did strangely then my thoughts perplex.
Nature brute Creatures taught the way,
But I more ignorant then they;
If ne'r had gone to such a School,
Still might have liv'd, and dy'd a Fool:
For by the kind Nymphs sole direction,
Pleasure was brought to perfection,
But now I slight when it is o're,
What I built Altars to before;
Blaming my self, and wondring why
I took this Opportunity;

To

Part I. Gallantry A-la-mode. 13

To run a *Tilt* at such a *Tit* :
Who neither *Beauty* had, nor *Wit*.
You'l say She ne'r could me infect,
If *Reason* had my *Passion* checkt.
So *Bowl* of *Water* if i'th' way,
A little *Flame* perhaps may stay;
But raging *Lust* once t'ane the *Field*,
Who is so strong that will not yield :
In vain does *Reason* watch and ward,
For from its *blow* there is no guard.
So *Lady Beauty* does display,
To gaudy *Fop* in *St. Jamé's Way*;
(Whil'st he with *boon Grace* would set
out
His flaxen *Wig* and ruby *Snout*,
And seems to cough, and then to spit :
And fain would void something of
Wit.)

VVith

14 Gallantry! A-la-mode. Part I.

With ease his Mulb'ry Treat blows off,
And for his Courtship, gives him scoff:
Return'd back from whence she came,
On quilted Couch encreast a Flame;
Which with such Fury 'gan to rage,
Discretion was too weak t'assuage:
Stung with Desire, so long deny'd,
Let's Butler, or the Coachman ride.
No longer Nymph could me detain,
Her charming Wheedles now are vain.
But Oh Misfortune! Oh hard hap!
When I suspect an after Clap,
And on serious Inquisition
Find a just cause for my Suspicion:
Never She Zealot turn'd up Eine,
Receiving Brother's Discipline:
Or antick Gestures shew'd as I,
Reduc'd to such Extremity.

Faintly

FAULT OF NATURE & NATURE 15
Faintly to *die* is *Follies* part,
Wisdom will seek to *Man of Art* ;
Artist I sought, and quickly found
One that could *do* ; not make a
sound

Of mighty *Cures* : and vainly *boast*,
More then his *Papers* on the *Post*.
Him I resolv'd should try his *Skill* ,
And after *Bolus*, then came *Pill* :
By his *Advice* so soon 'twas o're,
I doubted what I *ail'd* before ;
Yet th' *Artist* will not set at *nought*,
Had I *ail'd* nothing but in *thought*.
Spark may cause *Flame* if not with-
stood,

And from a *Twig* may come a *Wood*.
Suspition then I *washt* away,
With old *Langoon*, and cleansing *Whey*.
And

And grieved at my Folly past,
For such a Feast, kept Twelve-months
Fast.

Of this I am sure, but I cannot say
How much I have lost, and how much I have paid.

Of this I am sure, but I cannot say
How much I have lost, and how much I have paid.

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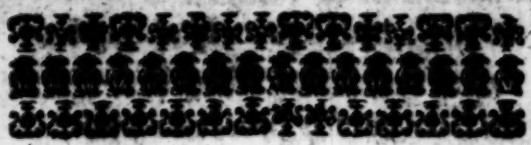
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GALLANTRY A-la-mode,

PART II.

Spring had reveal'd its long hid
store,
The Earth with Flowr's embroider'd
o're.

When Phillis first 'gan to disclose
The blushing sweets of budding Rose.

C

Who

18 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Who e'r had seen her sparkling Eye,
Dart Innocence with Majesty.

Or from her Lip proceed a smile,
That might an Anchorite beguile.
Would say; Nature design'd each grace
A Pattern in her matchless Face.

Her I behold with ming'd Desire,
The more I look, still more admire,
This Object of my wondring Eyes,
I vow'd should be a Sacrifice

To Loves great God: nor will I doubt,
Arts, Stratagems, shall bring't about
Dangers and Hazards I'll not fear,
Though terrifying they appear;
Or Death in opposition stood:

For her I'll pass through Seas of Blood.
Acquaintance was my first Design,
And that once gain'd she is half mine.

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 99

A Dancing School I did frequent,
Where to be Scholar she was sent;
In Hopes that once good Breeding
may

Advance her to a *Wedding Day*.

She knew not yet that Place is made
Publick Exchange, for private Trade.

Or what fine Madams came to seek,
At those brisk Meetings twice a Week.
Nor could she cast an am'rous
Glance.

As Prologue for another Dance.

Her small Experience was not come
Toth' Mistry of th' retiring Room.

My Flame is smother'd whilst I take
Counsel when fittest 'tis to speak.

At last conclude to win this Mate;
I need a female Advocate.

20 Gallantry A-la-mode, Part II.

When long I thought, and none could
find,

Despair had seiz'd my troubled Mind.

But *half Dead Hopes* receive new Life,

When I remember *Masters Wife*.

None was so fit as that old Sinner,

To seduce this young beginner,

Boldly my *Passion* I relate,

For she with me was intimate.

Nor could I fear she'd not regard,

When I gave Gold for her reward :

And vow'd a further thankfulness,

If *Fortune* crown'd her with Success.

No Fire to Stubble e're inclin'd,

Blown by the Lungs of blustering

Wind :

Or Traveller made hast to throw

From pendant Storm of teeming Cloud,

More

More readily then she addrest
 Her Heart, and Soul to make me blest.
 Courage (she says) Designs I've lay'd,
 Have many Maiden-heads betray'd;
 Nor shall fair Phillis rest secure,
 Whil'st I know how far to procure.
 You'd think me Courtier should I say,
 I understand the rising way:
 Fear not (like them that I will fail,)
 You in your Wishes shall prevail.
 Phillis and I with often meeting,
 More familiar were in greeting,
 Proud am I of her least Commands;
 And softly gripe her lilly Hands;
 For yet we caus'd no fainting Qualms,
 By intermixing melting Palmes.
 Boldness in bud had just began
 To catch at Handkerchief, or Fan.

22 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part III.

These were our first fond Fooleries,
 Leading to Love's higher Mysteries.
 But now my trusty Soul unmasks
 Conceal'd Designs, and Phillis asks,
 If such a Gallant she would take,
 And him her constant Servant make.
 Nature had not been so unkind
 T' adorn her Face, and not her Mind;
 But in composing thought her fit
 For double Beauty treble Wit.
 Her Judgment, sharper then her Eye,
 Discovers vailed Mystery;
 And whil' a Blush her Cheeks doth
 stain,
 She from all passion does refrain;
 At length no longer she could hold,
 But says, Thou that in Youth grow'st
 old,

Base Wretch, shame of thy sex, and
age,

Is it my Ruin must assuage

Thy fond and covetous Desire ;

Fit Fuel for Infernal Fire :

What if I him my Servant have,

If I my Honour make his Slave :

No, no, my Virgin Chastity,

Th' enamel of my Soul shall be.

To which the other smiling said,

Live then a Fool ; and dye a Maid.

Did you but know the proffer'd

Prize,

You would not it, and me despise.

The Title of a Mistress Name,

This Age counts Glory, not a Shame.

It is gross Folly to deny

The thing Preferment rises by,

24 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Suppose light *Heels*, or tempting
Face,

Prefers you to an *Actress Place*.

For that when you have been thus
try'd,

You'll be the better *qualify'd*.

Or if your great *Ambition* be

To tend on *Chamber Drudgery*

Of *Madam*, that will spend the *Day*

In *Dressing*, and the *Night* in *Play* :

Still ne'r the worse (*upon my Life*)

You'll serve for *Cit'*, or *Chaplains Wife*.

Or if with *Fop* you *steal* away,

You'll be but on an *even lay*.

What need you stand upon *repute*,

Your *loss* is little to the *fruit* :

You gain ; who'd be for such a *Fear*,

So *foolish* as to shed a *Tear*.

Think

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 25

Think but how ticklish 'tis and frail
(Where Beauty's great and Fortune
small)

Preserving of a vertuous Name, and
Though outward Actions none can
blame:

The World will judge the same of You,
And thought' be false, still think it
true.

But if (as best) you'd wisely deal,
Both may be prudent and conceal.

At this Discourse the keeneſt Dart
Of Sorrow pierc'd Phil's tender Heart,
Like Pearls her Tears ran trickling
down;

Whose briny Floods Cheeks Rose-buds
drown.

Such

Such *Weeping* had an Artist seen,
From 't would copy *Magdalen*.

When sobbing *Sighs* she could refrain,
That might have rent hard *Rocks* in
twain.

Oh *Heav'ns* (she said) is this my *Fate*,
Give me less *Love*, and more of *Hate*.

Then from the cursed *Calumny*
Of *Sland'ers Tongues*, shall I be free,
Who on my *Person* miss their aim;
Dispair and kill me in my *Fame*.

But I'll take *Courage* for one *Ray*
Of *Truth* will drive those *Fogs* away.

Such *Darts* will then at random fly.

When injur'd *Vertue* gives the *Lye*.

Vertue the best and only thing

That can a true *Contentment* bring,

Instead

Instead of vain, and pompous *Toyes*;
 That give inestimable *Joyes*;
 The loss of *trifles* is but *small*,
 What can I *want*, vvhhen I haue *all*.
 Now *Pardon's* beg'd, and 'tis confes't
 'Twas not in *earnest* spoke, but *jest*;
 But only offer'd her to *try*
 How brave, and boldly she'd *deny*.
 To gain *belief* no flatt'ring *Smile*
 She shewvs, but *Weeps* like *Crocodile*;
 Then *Sighs*, and gives a treach'rous
Kiss;

Swearing by *Heav'n's* immortal *bliss*,
 That 'twas her chief and whole
Design
 That still vvith *Vertue* she might shine:
 He *loves*, but with so pure a *flame*,
Mariage can only quench the same.

(Here

(Here when poor *Phyllis* cast her Eyes
 As wrapt in a *fool's Paradise*.)
 How long shall I suspected be
 To work on your *Credulity*?
 You cannot but believe the thing,
 By me he sends this *Ruby Ring*:
 Observe its *luster* and you'll see,
 Its *Masters* blushing *Modesty*;
 Upon your finger let it take
 A place; and wear it for his sake.
 Could you have hop'd a better fate,
 Then comly person, fair estate,
 Unless (like some) *Ton* fain would be
 Wedded to foolish property,
 Who whil'st their *Husbands* purses
 do share;
 Themselves at most but by-words
 are:

Hee'l

Hee'll want *Estate*, as well as *Wit*,
 Whose *Wife* must govern him and it
Profuseness he nor *Baseness* knows,
 But what he gives freely bestows.
 Long may you then in him rejoice,
 Who of his fancy are the choice.
 When *Love's* compell'd by needy
 friends,

That make the *Match* for private ends:
 To patch crackt *Fortunes* is their care,
 And vvhat should most, has the least
 share.

Harken to him in his *Desire*,
 That *Love*, not *Portion* does require;
Lovers immortalize their *Names*,
 When both do meet vvith equal flames.
 But lest that you should censur'd be
 For acting inconsiderately,

Consult

30 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Consult your Pillow, and you'll find
No vvorther Object to your Mind,
Here could a curious fancy tell
What Difference 'tis 'twixt Heaven and
Hell,

Perhaps he then might stubben 'ore
How Phillis chang'd from what be-
fore ;

From clouded Anger so serene
Her Countenance who e'er had seen,
At such a sight would ravish dye,
Narcissus like with Extasie :

Yet still some Grace possess her Breaſt,
And Anger did become her tool
For now who could not but believe,
Such Oaths a Sibil might deceive.
Then Phillis laying Hand on Breast,
With bashful blushing thus exprest.

If Nature made her first Design
 That all things should in Union joyn,
 And caus'd each Element to be
 In disagreeing Harmony,
 Love that begins in sighs and tears,
 And nourish'd is with hopes and fears,
 Shews us in such Variety
 Nature's great works Epitome,
 Thus goes it on with pow'rful Hand,
 For 'tis a passion few withstand,
 Yet to the wise Vertue's a Law,
 And Honour keeps fond Love in awe,
 These Paradoxes seem to be
 With some, but real truths with me,
 Till Honour gives me leave I shall
 Still remain deaf, though Nature call.
 Discourse at end they friendly part,
 Each satisfy'd of tother's Heart,

Never

Never Cit's Wife with liqu'rish Gums
 Long'd for stev'd Prunings, Cake, or
Phon,

As does my Agent to express
 Her late *Intrigues*, and strange success,
 And I as eager vvas as she,
 And soon found Opportunity.

Amaz'd she lifts up Hands ! and Eyes !
 Shall *Phillis* be my last best Prize ?

I've drove a Trade this Sixteen Year,
 And never yet lic of her Peer.

For some I have no sooner set,

But they themselves run in the Net ;

With promis'd Petticoat or Gown,

Like *Autumn* leaves they tumble
 down :

Yet *Phillis* all these to withstand,
 Vertue, and Honour has at hand ;

Faith

Faith I was fain to stand your Friend,
 And tell her Marriage you intend,
 I thought that You to Swear and Lye;
 Would never scruple more then I.
 Then said I, Now I plainly see
 Despair is double Misery,
 If her yourt Art cannot comprehend,
 My towring Hopes are built on Sand.
 Where Vertue has Foundation layd,
 Honour's not easily betray'd
 Both are by her possess I fear,
 And spite of us will still dwell there.
 If Cost can gain, or Diligence,
 I'll ne'r grudge Labour, nor Expence;
 Horses and Coach I'll get, though they
 Run me, and my Estate away,
 I always hate to be confin'd;
 My Love's as boundless as my Mind.

34 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Oaths are in fashion as Cloaths are,
 And graceful some think 'tis to swear;
 My Life for Phillis I would stake,
 But Oaths of Marriage none will make.
 He that thus thinks his Miss to win,
 Makes mortal of a venial Sin
 With help of Stratagem, or Art,
 I'll ne'r refuse to act my part,
 If possible I'll gain her Heart;
 Then promise Marriage with a lye,
 Ten Thousand Deaths I'll sooner dye
 By this Discourse (said she) will you
 Force me (Fool like) to tell what
 I know not how you'll act your part,
 But little of a Womans Heart,
 I'm sure as yet you understand,
 And therefore well may be trapan'd
 Ou

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 35

Our Resolutions scarce will hold
Longer then Ice a Minute old,
And vvhat you vvell may much ad-
mire,

We ~~shun~~ that most, vve most desire,
And vvhen in this believ'd vve be,
Lord howv we curse Credulity.

No Burthen need we more upon
Our selves, then we our selves lay on,
When Heart must grant, and Tongue
deny,

Who can expect less Misery.

Though some will blame the Ages vice,
'Tis Discontent has made them nice;
Vexation of some Chance they mist,
Makes them in spight thus still persist.
Others as free as Day you'l find,

Provided they the Worlds Eye blind;

36 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

They'l not be *vertuous* when they
know,

'Twill serve their *turn* if but thought
so :

And *seeming Vertue* with the *best*,
Is made a *Cloak* to hide the *rest*.

So have I known a *pure Saint-breeder*,
Send for some *fat* and *strong Flock-*
feeder,

They *both* pretending *Reformation*,
From edifying *Assignation* ;

But still preparing to *Devotion*,
Flesh and *Blood* raise a *Commotion* ;

And from the *Use* of *Consolation*,
They *strait* address to *Procreation* ;

Then the once *smitten Hip* and *Thigh*
Religion drowns in *Lechery* :

Of *that* she takes a *hasty meal*,
 But shows in *this* more *active Zeal*.
 Worst *Actions* have the best *Pretence*,
 All know that *Reason* know, or *Sense*;
 He that *Affairs* best *mannage* can,
 You will account the *craftiest Man* :
 So her the *wisest* reckon we,
 That those *things* carries *secretly*.
 I partly guess at *Ellis* Mind,
 'Tis not *Disdain* makes her *unkind* ;
 The *Reason* she doth it *oppose*,
 Is *Fear* lest that you should *disclose* :
 And *those* in whom rests such a *Fear*,
 Always the *faithfulst* *Misses* are,
 She that once *Custom* has made *bold*,
 At every offer's *bought* and *sold* ;
 Fops *Guinny's* her *decoys* away,
 And likes *him best*, that *best* doth *pay*.

38 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

But grant *Phil's Cause* is real good,
Yet still she's made of *Flesh* and
Blood;

Such pregnant *Symptoms* leave a scope,
Whereon to build a future *Hope*.

I do not doubt my new *Design*,
Her very *Thoughts* will *undermine* ;
Your *Courtship* first shall cause *Desire*,
And leave me to *blow up the Fire* ;
Maugre *resistance* then my *Charms*,
Shall make you *triumph* in her *Arms*.
Thus have I shewn our *female State*,
But e'r that I my *Plot* relate ,
Since I have been to you so free ,
Return the like *Civility*.

Would you have me (said I) con-
fess,
Our *Sexes Faults* are little less ;

Or

Or what is *Truth* would have me
 speak,

Though *Vertue's* strong, our *Flesh* is
 weak:

Who e'r will search may soon descry,
 In us as much *Hypocrisie*.

Who could imagine one whose *Age*,
Loves scorching *Calenture* might swage,

Should ev'ry *Day* prodigious grow,
 As if compos'd of burning *Snow*;

And yet none more 'gainst *Lust* de-
 claims,

And *Youths* *Exorbitances* blames;

Or strains *Hyperboles* to praise

When he was young those happy
 days:

Forgets that then like him were such

Whose *Tinder* fir'd at ev'ry touch,

Yet thus his *Thoughts* will *busied* be,
When he himself's the *Prodigie*.

Himself he had much better take,
And's *Admirations* *Object* make;

Why that his *Palsie*, *Ptiffick*, *Gout*,
Want strength to keep that *Devil*

Out:
Or curse *Dame Nature* 'cause she sent
The *Plague* *Desire* both *impotent*.

Of this old *Torch* I've said enough,
Now let him g'out in *smoak* and *snuff*,

To tell shall be my next *Design*
The *Humours* of two *Friends* of mine.

One had a *Miss*, I think but few
The like *Accomplishments* could shew

As she, or had far *Countries* known
None more, and more had made their

own.

Did

Did you affect the *Air of France*,
 Strait her *Discourse* was all *Romance*.
Spanish Reserv'dness would you see,
 As soon she'd change to *Gravity*.
 Wish'd you for *High-Dutch*,
 Dutch way,
 The *German Princess* she could play.
Italian glance nor did she want,
 But for displeasing her *Gallant*.
 Oh *Cath'lick Miss* that had't a *Dart*,
 For *French, Dutch, Spanish, English*
 Heart,
 Should't now to such *Disaster* come,
 To find *Italian* here at *Home*.
 One an *Italian* might outvie
 In raging restless *Jealousie*,
 None more in vain did *Passion* spend,
 Suspecting most his dearest *Friend*;
 To

42 Gallantry A-la-mode, Part II.

To steer a course it was my Fate,
Betwixt his *Anger* and his *Hate*:

And he no *Cause* had for the same,
But that I his *Distrust* did blame.

So *Princes* always look askew
On *Those* that tell them what is *true*.

But now 'tis time to let him pass.

Though *jealous* yet my *Friend* he was.

As none more *faithful* was than *She*,

So none *deserv'd* her less than *He*.

My other *Friend* a *Mistress* had,

One drown'd in *Sorrow* could make
glad.

A *Miss* for *Beauty* such a *Queen*

Mine *Eyes* 'fore *Phillis* ne'r had seen.

Whose *Vijage* charming *features*
deckt,

From *Tyrants* would have forc't re-
spect;

Features

Features, Proportion may give Law,
And her *Apelles* well might draw
For *Venus*, as in Shape so she
In *Actions* ap'd that *Deity*.
Once 'twas my *happiness* to be
In his and her good *Company*,
Where I did such *Reception* find,
As answer'd to his courteous *mind*;
The *Ceremony* of *Salute*
Past o're, her *Beauty* made me *mute*;
When he the reason askt why I
Shew'd *Silence*, 'stead of *Follity*.
As soon as I from that *blest pain*
My scatter'd *Sences* could regain,
And those *Obstructions* were dismiss,
By *Beauty* now turn'd *Exorcist*.
As the same *Wind* does *light* restore,
To *Taper* ravish'd just before;

Or

44 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Or Mother charming to prevent,
Restores him she made *impotent*.
I said no wonder I'm *confin'd*,
Silence the language of the mind ;
Such *Excellence* can best express,
Where *Words* would rather make it
less.

The meanest *Beauty Nature* made,
May be set off by such a *Shade* ;
When she did this *perfection* pay,
Design'd its *praise* no *Nat'ral* way.
Thus *I* his *Miss* did represent,
When he resolv'd in *Complement*
Not to be *outv'y'd* ; said since you
Something in her to *like* make shew :
Be free, I give you *liberty*,
As far as with *Civility*.

Then

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 45

Then on her Lips the Common-wealth
 Of Beauty, he begins a Health ;
 Makes me with him partaker be
 Of balmy Sweet's, Love's Chimistry
 Each that he gave was bandied back,
 We both kept time in ev'ry smack.
 But he t'oblige me more now fought,
 By outward Sence, & inward Thought;
 Unveil'd her Leg above the Knee,
 That I Proportion there might see ;
 There whilst I feast my greedy Eye,
 My working Fancy shapes her Thigh ;
 Viewing her Calf, and slender Shank,
 I judg'd how swel'd her ivory Flank ;
 Like him that finding footsteps print,
 Chalk't out the Heroes Bodies mint.
 Sleeping or waking she's my Theam,
 And all my Life one constant Dream ;

But

46 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

But when I *Phillis* lookt upon,
Those drowsie *Phantasms* strait were
gon:

O happy *Chance* that did'st intrude,
To save me from *Ingratitude*.

On none she better could bestow
Her Love, or Heart deserv'd to know
Then did my *Friend*, who ne'r shall
find

The crok't *Meanders* of her mind.
The *Sun* scarce shin'd on such'a Pair,
Had she been true, as she was fair.

Thus in *Extreams* our *Passions* be,
Some too reserv'd, and some too free;
Rare is that *Man* whose *Life's* a Scene,
Can shew the *World* the golden Mean.
If watchful *Eyes* could faults prevent,
And still preserve *Miss* innocent;

Then

Then to be *jealous* is but *just*,
 And *Wisdom* 'tis for to distrust:
 But when *Experience* proves it *vain*,
 What boot's to bug that wracking
pain;
 Miss with her *freedom* may prove *true*,
 Force, or *Constraint* will never *doe*.
 So *Danae* though enclos'd in *Brass*
 By golden *Showr* debauched was;
 When jealous *Father* bar'd *Delight*,
 He did but whet her *Appetite*.
 Thus *I* some *Failings* have made
 known,
 Which some perhaps might think their
 own.
 But now my former *Thoughts* revive,
 How you with *Phillis* will con-
 trive?

How

How as I've long desir'd she shall
 A Victim on Love's Altar fall ?
 Which if to that blest Sacrifice,
 That I as Priest shall Idolize ;
 My lucky Stars propitious be
 That minute gives Eternity.
 I shall no longer now delay
 Your Expectation, but the Way
 Make known (she says) that you'll
 confess
 Leads to desired Happiness.
 Shortly the wish'd for Time will come,
 When my Cornuto goes from Home ;
 Him his Employment will detain,
 Whil'st you your Phillis Heart may
 regain.
 But pray be cautious how you close,
 She'l not be won by down right blows.

Allay

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 49

Allay rude *Courtship* with *Respect*,
Her *Wit* will else the *Cheat* detect.

Unless all future *hopes* you'd miss,
But on *Occasion* steal no *Kiss* ;

Upon her *hand* prefer your *sute*,
Take not the rest but by *Salute* :

He who'd possess her *Beauties* spoil,
At her own *Weapon* her must foil.

Treat her with *Park*, *Spring-garden*,
Play,

Let modest *mirth* crown ev'ry *day* :

On her you'l gain an *Influence*,

When your *Addresses* want *offence*.

No *Art* or *Industry* I'll spare,

In *managing* this grand *affair*.

If by *perswasions* it can be,

Her *Lodging* she shall take with me ;

E

What

50 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

What *Opportunity* can do,
 Shall *then* be done betwixt us two.
 Were there in her all *Vertues* plac't,
 Though so miraculously grac't,
 I would not fear to *over-reach*
Them all : and then betray the *breach*.
 If but some *glimmerings* I find,
 That may presage a coming *Mind*,
 I will appoint one friendly *Night*,
 Shall *ease* your *Soul*, and *Heart de-*
light.

There shall be then prepar'd a *Treat*,
 As *Prologue* of more pleasing *Meat* :
 And you shall with *Frontinniack Wine*,
 From *Sorrows* dross *Phil's Heart re-*
fine :

Her *Entertainment* let it be
Mirth in its choicest *Gaiety*.

When

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 51

When envious *Time* your present *bliss*
Eclipses, with a parting *Kiss*,
Let *sobs*, and *sighs* your *speech* bereave;
As if an *Age* you her must leave :
This *Ceremony* you must fain,
Lest she suspect you come again ;
Then do you steal in the *back way*,
And on the *Bed* where last you *lay* ;
Without least *noise* your self repose,
Till I the happy *Time* disclose.
Mean while what can be done I'll do ;
That may make *Phillis* think of *You* ;
But when in *Bed* such *tricks* I'll use ,
Into a *stone* might *Love* infuse :
I'll wrack *Invention* but I'll be
Successful in this *Sorcery*.
As soon as I perceive that *sleep*
Does on her *Temples* *Centry* keep,

52 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

And all her *Faculties* are found ;
Securely in those *fetters* bound.

With winged *Speed* my steps I'll trace
And send you to supply my *Place*,

Then have I done my utmost *Art* ;
'Tis *You* must perfect the last *Part* :

He that will then *successless* be ,
Deserves no *Opportunity*.

No *slave* that was to *Gally* chain'd ;
When he his *liberty* has gain'd ;

With such *content* transported is :
As I was with the *Hopes* of this.

I hug'd her in my *Arms*, and said
If I to *venture* be afraid ,

Let me for ever bear the *Name*
Of fool : and perish in my *shame*.

If with that *beant* your pains me bless,
I shall not doubt i'th least *success* ;

In that *Extream* her *Wit* will fail :

And like a *Bark*, o'reset with *sail*,
Sink ; if the *Wind* but puff a *Gale*.

Her own ambitious *Thoughts* she'l
blame

For trusting to this *after Game*.

My *Presents*, *Treats*, she'l call to *mind*,

On what *account* I them design'd ;

That 'twill a greater *scandal* make

If she *refuse*, then if she *take* :

If she *refuse*, she cannot *clear*

Suspition, why she lodged *here* ;

I'll say she *promis'd* and *deceiv'd*,

And then I'm sure to be *believ'd* :

Reflecting thus her *Thoughts*, she'l see

Necessity may *Vertue* be ;

Then run that *Hazard* and *deny*,

She'l think it *safest* to *comply*.

54 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Like an Old Statesman vers'd in's way,
Finding his Faction to decay ;
In time considers that 'tis best
To quit what was his Interest :
Those friends whil' st they stood him in
stead

He kept, when useless them he fled :
Nor scruples so himself he save ,
Rather then Fool, to prove a Knave.
So Phillis would the best Course take,
And Vertue, Honour, Patterns make :
But when they fail relies on this,
To salve up all by proving Mifs.
Thus ended my Discourse, says she
To what you say I do agree,
But though I now believe you'l speed,
Yet give me leave to say take heed.

ay, The *time* is come you must address
Your self to *Phillis*, and caress
Her with such *Courtship*, that she may
Believe you meant, what I did say :
About it then, and till that *Night*
My *Thoughts* shall brood on your *De-*
light.

The *Sun* had scarce from *Thetis Bed*
With blushing *smiles* lift up his *head*,
But I prepar'd for *Phillis sight*,
Her *absence* makes with me the *Night*.
Most readily my *Feet* inclin'd
Their *steps*, when unto her de-
sign'd.

Her *Beauty* that might *Age* renew,
With a *magnetick Vertue* drew
My panting *heart* ; to every *sence*,
'Tis *she* that gives an *Influence*.

56 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

I soon arriv'd at the *place* where
I knew if not, *Phil'* would be *there*.
Chance had contriv'd she's come be-
fore,

A new learnt *Fig* to practise o're.

To a *superlative Degree*

Beauty by her *Activity*

Was rais'd, and she retir'd

Toth' inner *Room* as I desir'd.

When I came in she at the *Glass*

Some stragling *Curles* correcting was,

Order her *Fingers* made: and they

By them but toucht seem'd proud t' obey.

Some *Passion* sparkled in her *Eyes*,

So unexpected this surprize.

I made excuse that 'twas unknown,

She had retired there alone;

But

But if so happy she'd make me,
 As to permit my Company;
 My self so civil I'd behave,
 She'd not repent that leave she gave.
 Now Roses, Lillies, 'gan to jar,
 At this Request with am'rous War;
 Doubtful her Resolution lies,
 What grants this smile, that blush
 denies.

In a confused Chaos strove
 Desire, 'twixt Modesty, and Love,
 Like that Distraction all things hurld,
 Till Order seem'd an infant World.

At last Loves conqu'ring Charms the
 Field

Had clear'd, and Bashfulness did yield.
 Then Phillis spake 'twixt blush & smile,
 I cannot think it worth your while;

Since

28 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II

Since that th' *advantage* of your *stay*,
 Will not the *loss* of *time* repay.
 I must *acknowledge* whil'st I live,
 I am oblig'd *Respect* to give
 To you ; for your *Civility* :
 Though *undeserv'd*, bestow'd on me.
 But your last *Present* I restore,
 My *Thanks* can never quit that *score*.
 I ne'r intended to *receive*
 Too much for me, or you to give.
 You shall not thus me *undermine*,
 It's *Value* speaks you've some *Design*
 Off from that *Hand* (she pulls her
Glove)
 Whose *sight* would *cause*, but *touch*
force Love.
 Terrestrial *Galaxys* it's *skin*
 Set off by *clouds* of *Veins* within.

So have I seen a little *Fly*
Entomb'd in precious *Amber lye*;
 By the dark *shadow* giving *grace*,
 Of its own *Mummy* to that *case*.
 Now might I *fear* to be thus *crost*,
 All my *Designs* e'en *ripe* were *lost*.
 'Twas time to take some *speedy way*,
 I seiz'd her *Hand*, and thus did *say*.
 (And *passionately* with a *Kiss*
 Sometimes made a *Parenthesis*)
 Make it with your *Acceptance blest*,
 It's *Price* is paid with *Interest*.
 Why should such *fancies* intervene,
 To think too *great*, what is too *mean*.
 The richest *Present Thought* could
 find,
 Falls *short* to adequate my *Mind*,

Which

Which scorns to stoop so low to
do

That *thing*, might undervalue you :
Ambitious 'tis t' adore you still ,
And wanting act *aspires in will*,
Then answer'd Phil' (her looks an air
Shew'd now of Hope, & then *Dispair*)
Poor is the prize that I shall gain,
Whil'st Reputation fears a stain ;
Things Circumstances censur'd are
By vulgar Tongues, not as th' appear ;
'Tis Infamy if they so cal't ,
When bare Suspicion makes the fault.
Then since such Hazards we may run,
Scandals Occasion let us shun.
This Answer to a tim'rous Fool,
Would soon have made his Courage
cool ;

But

to But I resolv'd to play a Game,
Should ne'r be spoil'd through fear,
or shame :

Yet careful was vvhat I let fall,
Confid'ring whom I dealt withall.

r And thus reply'd, Madam'tis true
r) To Reputation much is due;

It ought to be our chiefest care,
For to preserve that always fair :

r; But when we needless scruples make,
Of Things we lawfully may take ;

h. Because the Vulgar those defame,
Our selves for Niceness we may blame.

n, Little their empty Noeddles know,
More then what they to Nature owe ;

ge Such Fears contemns each gen'rous
Mind,

ut Whose Conversation's more refin'd.

---Heav'n

-----Heav'n knows my Heart 'tis true,
 For what I have design'd on you,
 -----If it may deserve that Name,
 'Twas friendship : that's my chiefest
 aim ;

If I should call it Love 'twill be,
 But Friendship in a high degree.
 This my Assertion would you prove,
 Stake but your Friendship to my Love;
 And vvhhen Time makes it truly known,
 Give it your favour, or your frown.
 I did my Passions Emblem chuse
 In this poor Pledge, which you refuse,
 As a continued Circle this ;
 So vvithout end my Passion is :
 By this supported flaming Heart
 With these two Hands on either
 part,

Is figur'd mine : Hope and Desire
Supplying fuel to its fire.

Thus he whom *Bashfulness* confines,
May speak his meaning by dumb
signs ;

And imitate those *Times* of Old,
Whose *Stories Hieroglyphicks* told.
And now the last boon I shall crave,
Is it might still your *Favour* have ;
But if *Intreaties* shan't prevail,
Which vvith *success* might *Heav'n*
assail :

And you'r resolv'd it to restore,
I beg you'd stay but one *Month* more.
My *Lips* had scarce those *Words* let
flye,

And *Phillis* ready to reply ;

(Whil'st

64 Gallantry A-la-mode, Part II.

(Whilst I expect her fatal doom
Should like a clap of *Thunder* come)
In comes my old contriving Dame,
And luckily retrieves the Game :
Quickly her sight Phil's Count'nance
clear'd,
And then the *Rainbow* Mirth appear'd.
Her business was that I that Day
Should entertain them with a Play,
As soon as ask'd I granted this ;
Such Assignations who can miss.
Thus far I had perform'd my Part :
My Agent now must use her Art.
I took my leave, and how she far'd,
At our next Meeting was declar'd.
How Phillis though she seem'd un-
kind,
But faintly shadow'd o're her Mind.

As by her last *Discourse* she guest,
 Which in this manner was exprest:
 As willingly I would not slight
 Him whose *Deserts* might *Love* invite.
 So neither would I shipwreck be
 Upon the Rock *Credulity*:
 Hasty *Belief* but gild's the Bait,
 That trowls us on to gross *Deceit*.
 Whatever Man shall me persuade
 To change for *Wife* the Name of *Maid*,
 Must humbly for my *Favour* sue,
 And wait my *Time* to grant it too:
 When gain'd I yield he'l Master me,
 But once I will his *Mistress* be;
 If I but chance to tip a wink
 His *Soul* shall study what I think;
 His *Heart* by mine must motion know,
 And its true *Counterpoint* shall go.

66 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

He my *Commands* will thus regard,
I'll be at last his just Reward.

That *Bubble Honour's* not my aim,
To cringe to gain an empty Name.

Nor are my *Hopes* so fondly vain,
To turn an old Fop young again.

The Man that I accept shall be
Youthful, and witty, fanc'ing me;

If rich, I'll in his Fortune share,

If not, that's least of all my care.

My Heart on Wealth was never bent,

True Love is real true Content.

Now Wheedle had I in the way,

That 'twas Discretion to delay.

Most highest Estimation set

On Things they difficultly get,

Nothing that Value ever gain'd,

Which has been easily obtain'd.

What

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 67

What Fruit *Ambition* bringeth we
May by a late *Example* see
Of one, that had as high *renown*,
As could admired *Beauty* crown,
And might as happy been, as *fairy*
Had she for *Honour* took less care.

Mongst num'rous *Persons* that did
wive,

Her Heart stood unresolv'd 'twixt two;
For ones *Deserts*, her self would grant,

He nothing did but *Honour* want;

T'other (as oft blind *Chance* bestows)

Had *Honour*, little else *God* knows:

Whil'st doubtful 'twas which should

prevail,

Honour steps in and turns the *Scale*,

But see th' *Event*, no sooner ti'd

by a strict *League*, and made a *Bride*,

68 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Fruition Fancy has controul'd,
And soon *her Love*, as soon grows
cold.

His queasie *Stomach* loaths to take,
For which some would a *Crown* for-
sake :

What more on *Vertue* could intrench,
Her *Rival* makes a *dunghill Wench* ;
May those like her whose aims high
blood,

On empty *Honour* chew the cud.
But more *prodigious* seems to me
The late much practis'd *Foppery* :
Many *Examples* I could call
To mind, but *this* shall serve for
all.

Of one the *Picture* may be call'd
Of *Time*, I'll swear his *Pate's* as bald

And

And *Brows* as wrinkled; for his *Eyes*,
Spectacles (thank *Nose*) them supplies.
 Look in his *Mouth*, you'll say, if e're,
 Some *Ages* past *Teeth* did stand there;
 No mark remains: and nought appears,
 To be erected but his *Ears*,
 Yet will he strut, and look as big
 As possible with *flaxen Wig*.
 And thus contriv'd, hopes to find
 Favour in his *Careless* Mind.
 Whose blooming *Youth* not yet *Sixteen*,
 The *World* will say was overseen,
 Its self in *Wedlock* to engage,
 With one that's *ennuch* by his *Age*,
 But they'r mistaken 'twas her choice
 To contradict the *Vulgar* voice:
 Unacceptable can't appear
 He that *Five-Hundred* pound a Year

Can make a *Joynture* of, and will
 For *private Purse Desire* fulfill.
Gold Contradictions can confute,
 And *Youth* to *Age* make prostitute.
 Let her enjoy that *Slavery*,
 (Till I shall wish she may be free)
 Like those wh' in *Limbo* fear to dwell,
 By *Penance* make themselves a *Hell*;
 And find too late by this their *cross*,
 Uncertain *gain*, but certain *loss*.
 Forc't *Vertue* she at last may know
 Will to its-self a *burthen* grow.
Hell for a *Torment* did devise,
 The *longing Soul* to *Tantalize*.
 Just such a *case* will she be in,
 Whil'st *Vertue* checks desired *Sin*.
 But should she dare t' *encroach* upon
 That *Custom* hangst those *Shackles* on,

And by a *Chance* her *burthen* mend ;
 (Such *Blessings Providence* may send)

Then *Stratagems* her *Wit* must show,
 T' impose upon *Amphitrio*;

Her best *Contentments* are but *Dreams*;
 Whil'st she thus suffers in *Extreams*.

Vertue will make her *Heart-strings*
 crack,

And *Vice* must set her *Wits* oth'
Wrack.

Then happy you, (if I may guess
 By others *wants* your *Happiness*)

Whom neither *fickle Honour* slights ;
 Nor *Dotage* tempts with *false Delights*;

But *Fate* officious in its care,
 To your own wish does *Love* prepare,

In him whose worth would mollifie
 Hearts flinted o're with *Cruelty*,

72 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

From whose kind *Soul* no *Thought* e're
came

Unworthy of so great a *Flame* ;

Nor thinks it *Slavery* to do

The meanest *thing* enjoyn'd by you,

That you'r *unjust* the *Stones* would
cry,

Should such *Desert* regardless dye.

Now trembled *Phil* and lookt about,

As loth to let her *Thoughts* slip out.

My dearest *Mother* whispers she,

But that I *trust* your *Privacy* ,

(Then *Protestations* out I sent

You may be sure I never meant

To keep) you should not thus par-
take

That *Secret* makes my *Heart* to
ake.

Were

I. Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode 73

Were *I* but certain for to find
His *Words* to correspond to's *Mind*,
My jealous *Thoughts* should then be
free ;

And cease suspecting *Treachery* :

My lingring *Love* should mend its
Pace,

And last set out, first reach the *Race*.

But since so many *Fools* are made

By those that *loving* make their *Trade*,

Who for *new Faces* range the *Town*,

Till *want* makes them sit *Bankrupts*
down :

Blame not my still mistrusting *Fears*,

'Twould melt a *Niobe* to *Tears*.

(Now slipt the *Floodgates* of her
Eyes,

And *Sorrow* seem'd to play a *Prize* ;

Tears

Tears made in her a comely sight,
As if in Weeping were Delight.
My Pity swag'd this growing pain,
And she proceeded thus again.)
I'de ne'r be at th' expence to weep,
My tears should in their Cradles sleep;
But oh fierce Love should I deny,
My Heart for vent would stifled die.
Love that so oft I did Despise,
For past faults now does tyrannize ;
And I dejected, and forlorn,
Am made the Object of its Scorn.
Just as some little wanton Fly,
Securely passing Tapers Eye ;
Rejoyces in that dang'rous Game,
And through Success contemns the
Flame :

But

But catcht at last with singed *Wings*,
Buzzing for *Life* its own *Dirge*
 sings.

That my *Flame's* true encreases *woe*,
 For fear lest *his* should not be so;
 But though *Distrust* such *thoughts* can
 give,

Weak Hopes by *Promises* may live;
 I'll not be *faithless*, but *believe*
 He will not, cannot me *deceive*,
 True *Love* unhappy is in *this*;
 It most *suspects* where least *cause* is.
 Yet will I still *indifferent* be,
 So that he shan't *dispair* of me.

He in whom *lasting Love* doth rest,
 Likes an *imperious Mistress* best;
 Tedious *Attendance* he will wait,
 Nor think *repulse* too rigid *Fate*.

Those Troubles past our Loves will
meet,

As Spices bruis'd become more sweet.

But though her Mind she thus reveal'd,

Her looks with'd still she had conceal'd.

Endless 'twill be to tell the course

I took, my Wheedles to enforce;

You may believe much Art was us'd,

She's not so easily abus'd:

My care shall be t'unlock her Breast,

Your Wit must make, or war the rest.

Words are too weak t' express my

Sence

Of Joy, at such Intelligence;

If Traytor e're deserv'd well,

'Twas this my female Machiavel.

I thank her not with empty Hand,

Her Service might Reward command.

And

And answer'd that she need not fear,
 Ought should be wanting of my Care;
 Like those whose well contriv'd De-
 signs, most common sense and reason
 Their own vain *boastings* undermines.
 Oft by *Phil's* looks her Love I guess,
 But ne'r till now knew my self blest.
 If Souls (*Philosophers* have told)
 In *Magazines* were pil'd of old,
 And Love by *Sympathy* do pay
 To those at first they nearest lay:
 By this *Relation*, I descry
Phil's Soul and mine lay very nigh.
 And if eternal *Fates* decree
 In *Actions* a *Necessity*,
 I am encourag'd to proceed,
 Since *Destiny* designs the *Deed*.

Thus

78 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Thus did we pass the Time away,
Till Phil' came ready for the Play;
Thither as overjoy'd I went,
As him that comes from Banishment.

Sometimes of Phil' I'de steal a look,
And read Success in Beauties Book;
Then doubting she'd perceive, and
frown:
Mine Eyes through Fear themselves
shut down.

Now in a Box was Phillis set,
Like Jewel in a Cabinet;
And by the lustre of her Eye
Feasted the greedy Standers by.
At last it' Pit began a Chat,
Sometimes of this, sometimes of
that

Rare *Beauties* which some *Fops* had
known ;

And each *Man* most extol'd his *own* :

In such a strange confused *Din*,

I thought I *Babel* was within.

But more *Diversion* 'twas to me,

To see the starcht *Formality*

Of one, that there came to be *seen* ;

And acted *Fop* κατ' εἶκοσιν.

First he with *simpring* does begin,

In hopes the *Ladies Smiles* to win ;

And so he might, for I dare say

'Twas more *ridic'ulous* then the *Play* :

I mean those *Parts* the *Poet* meant

Should perfect *Mimicks* represent.

Next had his *Comb* with's *Wigg* a-

bout,

And *buffing* that, sets *Noddle* out ;

But

But there till grown toth' Bench may
fit,

If he designs to put in Wit.

But some his Breeding will applaud,

'Cause Travelling has been his Band;

And lately pimps him out of France,

Th' affected Grindge, and antick Dance:

Thither Baboon, back Jackanapes,

He went, and came, nothing escapes

His search that's French: if he can

get

A new coyn'd Word, 'tis refin'd Wit.

But stay I almost had forgot

To speak of Miss, that's his chief Plot:

Strange Passion to his Count'nance

greeps

When through the Curtain Pigsney

preps:

His

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 81

His Eyes pursuer through that hole,
And send a Message from his Soul;
But well he knows Glances can't do,
'Tis Guinys with effect must woe:
Through their Perswasion Love's al-
low'd,
Else see's as coy, as he is proud;
Then shee'd his precious parts adore,
Though I believe what oft she's as-
swore,
Some sturdy Groom has pleas'd her
more,
But now with Fopp I must have done,
Already is the Play begun.
Twas the first Time that e're was
show'd
That Play call'd Marriage A-la-Mode;

82 Gallantry A-la-mode, Part II.

The Name my Fancy did incline
To think Concernment it's Design.
I knew that Marriage now was made
But after-Came to bankrupt Trade:
Unwillingly must pay that score,
In Coyne that Misse has us'd before;
Posterity reforms their Lives,
And fast'ns pins them unto Wives.
My Fortune may perhaps be this,
If so; I am resolv'd a Miss
To enjoy, before that Destiny
Condemns me to such Drudgery.
What's my Design though I'm assur'd
for't, begun
(How e're the Poets) than of all sorts
But whilst such fancy's tickled me,
My Phyllis fav'd simplicity;

I. Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode 83

She seem'd so innocent, so good,
No Eye perceiv'd she understood.
But when appear'd disguis'd in Dress,
The Sheapheard and his Sheapheardef,
She lookt concern'd; as if it might be
An Emblem of her Love to me.
The Sheapheardef's exprest that grate
With modest blushes in her Face,
That all agreed such tempting Art,
Out-did the Poet in her Part:
And without boasting I might say,
She blush'd, and sigh'd her self away.
Pardon me Nymph if I express
Thou should'st be truly a Princess,
Thall not with thy rise may be
From common flesh to high degred;
Others from those low steps may rise,
Thou dost at first deserve the Prize.

84 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Farewell dear *Nymph*, thou'rt th'only
She

Shew'st *Phillis* in *Effigie*.

But when the *Play* came to an end,
In *Gratitude* I did commend
The *Poet* for his *pains* that *Day*,
Though my self acted was ith' *Play*.
And when this *Task* was undertook,
On him my *Coppy* I did look.
Who at a *distance* slips his *Jeere*,
May *venture* for to be *severe*,
And nothing need but *naming* fear,
Which I am sure you have not *here*.
Let each wh' in *this* the same *fate* find,
From my *Example* prove as *kind*;
And bear no *malice* in their *Mind*.
Your *Names* I've studied to *conceal*,
'Tis your own *faults* if you reveal.

The

II. Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 83

The *Wife* with *secresie* yet *cure*,
And by *Discretion* *Fame* secure;
But those that proudly *boast* their
Claps,

May well deserve *Bells* in their *Caps*.

Thus much for my *Apology* :

Now *Phillis* I return to thee.

Homewards I her conduct again,

And what *Invention* could attain,

I then did *urge*; did She but say

She *lik't*, I strait extol'd the *Play*;

Did She but seem to *slight* some *part*,

My *Censure* was to that as *tart* :

Phillis thou shalt command my *breath*,

Thy *smile's* my *life* , thy *frown's* my
death.

36 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

Though long delay'd at last shee's
grown

Familiar, and my Love does own,
But in her passion so discreet,
Kindness and Modesty did meet;
Her Actions Envy might survey,
And not find out one Look astay.
Such Entertainments I did give,
As she might civilly receive;
And studied not so much Expence,
T' express a vain Magnificence:
But rather took a special Care
To get those Cates were choice & rare;
Knowing that proverb seldom fail,
Aliqu'risb tongue, a liqu'risb Tayl.
Could Art, or Luxury devise
Dishes whose tastes should Love sur-
prise,

I would not want those *Rarities*;
 Did I give *Kingdoms* for their price,
Spring-Garden now I bid adieu,
 Other *designs* I must pursue.
 The *Time* was come *Cornuto* went,
 Lucky to me his *Banishment*.

And now my *Agent* does entice
Phillis (by this *time* not so *nice*)
 To Lodge with her, vvhho little knows
 What *Treason* with that *friendship*
 goes.

Shee's *innocent* and free from *guile*,
 And least *suspects* her *Mother's Wile*:
 But her *Experience* vwill find out
 Those *projects* *Women* bring about:
 In vain might *Sons of pleasure* bend
 Their *Wits*, and ner'e attain the *End*.

Of their *Desires*; but that they know
By *Female help* the *Nail* will go.
So the *Decoy-Birds* take the *Wing*,
And *flocks* of the same *Feather* bring;
Th' *Invited Guests* have no *Distrust*
That their own *Tribe* should prove
unjust :

But *kindly* take the *profer'd Meat*,
And *catch't* ith' *Net* perceive the *Cheat*.
Now had she *Phillis* in her *gripe*,
And all *Designs* for *Action* ripe.
The *Night* appointed vvas that We
Should keep our *long-wish'd Jubilee*.
And that I might each *Sence* content,
Unto a *Ball* I vvith her went.
So *ravishing* 'twas to my *sight*,
Of her brisk *motion* the *Delight*,

Could

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 89

Could I have still that Object by,
I'd wish my self turn'd all to Eye.
Who'd seen her at the Musicks sound,
With order'd steps to skin the Ground,
Would think she had not *stept*, but
flew:

So light she past, with Time so true.
By this Time was our Dauncing done,
And to the Treat we now are gone.
Where neither cost, nor care was
spar'd,

To get those Dainties there prepar'd.
Frontiniack, and rich Florence Wine,
Did with their Flavours so combine,
Had envious Cynnick sipt, he must
Have Extasies at ev'ry Gust.

Jellies and Creams did next appear,
Trembling like bashful Lovers fear,

But

But 'tis their *Tastes* th' *Effects* can do,
 In them lies *Strength*, and *courage* too,
 By this *time* *Phillis* pleasant was,
 So oft my *Mother* fill'd her *Glass*.
 I took th' *advantage* of that *Veine*,
 And boldly did request a *Streine*.
Phillis (that often had been *fbie*)
 Thought now 'twas *Rudeness* to deny.
 Freely begins her *Rapsodie*,
 With such delicious *Melodie*;
 That *charm'd* by her harmonious
Throat,

I took new *Life* from ev'ry *Note*.
 Say not their's *Musick* in the *Sphears*,
 None will *believe* 't that hers once *bears*.
 Let *Phillis* feed me with such *Breath*,
 I'll live beyond the pow'r of *Death*;

Tedious

Tedious can never be her Song,
Were it *Eternal*: 'twere not long:
But *lasting* is no mortal *Bliss*,
The *Time* to take the parting *Kiss*
Approaches now; & when that comes
Arabia with all her *Gummes*
Such *charming sweets* could ne'r
produce,
Or *Fruits* repleat with noblest *Juice*,
To craving *Appetite* can be
Such *full content*; as that to me,
Delight it was so great that I
Receiv'd not without *Extasy*.
At last reviv'd, with a sad *Scene*
I let her know what *Love* doth mean.
Numberless *sighs* express my *Moe*,
And blame swift *Time* I must be
gone.

But

92 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.

But *Phillis* innocently free,
 Relenting with a *simpathy*;
Pitty's me for my *fained Grief*,
 And by her *sighs* gives some *Relief*.
 Ask why I vex my self in vain,
 As if we ne're should *meet* again.
 Modestly thanks me for the *Treat*,
 But never *dreams* her self's my *meat*.
 I *thankt* her too, and softly swore
 I hop'd ere long to *please* her more,
 Then *Creams* or *Jellies* did before.
 Departed now I make no *stay*,
 But soon slip in the tother *way*.
 No *Difficulties* need I fear,
 Wel-known's the *Path* I *traverse* there;
 But had it *Labyrinths* about,
 My *Love* would find its *passage* out.

Now

Now enter'd in th'appointed place,
 With Expedition I uncase
 My self, and into Bed I go,
 And hearken what is done below.
 My Mother that was never slack
 When her own profit lay at stake,
 With double Diligence makes haste;
 And sees her doores securely fast.
 Then speaks to Phil. My dearest Heart
 How loath thy Servant was to part;
 How did his sighs entreat his stay:
 And ev'ry Look begg some Delay:
 When Time to Lover's so severe
 Was past, I'me sure his heart stay'd
 here:
 His restless Soul can ne're be free,
 But busied still with thoughts of thee.

94 Gallantry A-la-mobt. Part II.

In *Charity* be then so kind
 And let him this poor *Favour* find :
 That you his *Passion* bear in mind.
Injustice 'twere if you this Night
 Don't *sympathize* with his *Delight*.
 Come let us hast to our *Repose* ,
 Where in mine *arms* I'll thee enclose
 And with more *freedom* there relate,
 What *Joyes* attend a *married State*.
Phillis that *Wine* had *pliant* made,
 By *silence* her *Consent* betray'd :
 Follows her up unto that *Bed*,
 So *fatall* to her *Maiden-head* :
 And there her *Garments* does *devest*,
 And softly layes her self to *rest*.
 (Our *Rooms* with *Wainscot* parted
 were,
 So that I might distinctly hear,
 And want of sight supply wvith
 Ear.) My

My Mother vvas no looner in
 The Bed, but thus she does begin.
 Dear Phil. believe me, (by this Kisse)
 I speak vwhat my Experience is.
 If Youth or Beauty could create
 A Happiness, 'twas once my Fate
 To be so Happy: but alas
 Beauty a poor Contentment vvas,
 And Youth you see away must pass.
 Something my Fancy did admire,
 That Admiration brought Desire,
 Which satisfaction ne're could know
 Till to Enjoyment it did go;
 My joyes then to perfection came,
 When Wedlock had allay'd my flame.
 'Tis that Loves harmony imparts,
 And Cements fast the noblest Hearts.

Tell me Dear Phil. ('twixt you and I
Needless is Fear, no Ears are nigh.)

Have you not been vwith Love opprest,
And felt its symptoms in your Brest.

A shiv'ring *Qualm* do's first surprise,
With *Visage* pale, and gasty Eyes;

The Heart then struggling stops the
Breath,

And makes a doubt 'twixt life and
death.

Many endure this *Agony,*

But few can tell the Reason why.

We *Matrons* it *Green-sickness* call,

Or *Fits* of th' Mother, that befall

Young *Virgins*, 'cause they *Charcoal*
cate,

Or *Chalk*, and *nanceate* wholesome
meat :

And

And thus we many times disguise
 The truth, with such officious Lyes.
 When we burnt feathers for the Cure
 Prescribe; & make them stinks endure.
 But oh!—(and then she made a pause)
 We well can tell the certain cause
 Of this prevailing Malady,
 And what's the surest Remedy.
 That dismal paleness is a Tipe,
 That Natures fruit was grown full
 ripe,
 Which lingring did for Harvest call;
 And pin'd it should ungather'd fall.
 So tender Bud of fragrant Rose,
 Does by degrees it self disclose;
 As fearing lest it should expire,
 And want Spectators to admire:

H

But

90
But when the *time* approaches nigh,
Of it's desir'd *maturity*;
Displays its *leaves*, and calleth forth
Whatever may encrease its *Worth*;
Puts on its *smiles*, & breaths *perfumes*,
Then *blushing* modesty *presumes*,
It may *deserve* some courteous *band*
To *kiss*: and not still *useless* stand;
But when it once perceives *neglect*,
And *Beauty* can't engage *Respect*,
Impatient with such long *delay*,
It *faints* and *withers* quite away.
But this *misfortunes* not your *fear*,
Nature has not been so *severe*;
But first an *Object* for *Delight*,
Provided, e're an *Appetite*.
In him that well *deserves* my *Place*,
With whom you'l *Happiness* embrace
Whom

Whose Heart I'm sure is firmly bent
For to consummate your content.

Dost thou not wish this were the
Night,

That Hymen should his Tapers light:

When each enclos'd in others' arms,
Might give and take Loves pleasing
Charmes.

I know thou dost --- and that exprest,
Her am'rous actions spoke the rest.

But long that fondness did not hold,
Till Phillis thus her Story told.

My own Experience is but small

Of those misfortunes Maids befall,

Doublets my Stars for good success,

But pitty those in such Distress;

Where fond Desire has rul'd the Rost,

And modesty its Empire lost.

Loves raging passion I'll deny,
Till Marriage may it justify;
Should I before indulge that flame,
The World it Lust, not Love would
name.

But here my Mother was afraid
Phil' would proceed, and thus she said
My dearest Child 'twixt thee and me,
What need these Resolutions be,
In publick it were vvell design'd
If you had thus exprest your mind.
I have resolv'd as well as you,
And have perform'd as Women do.
Though I in Marriage put some stress,
I can't esteem of Love the less;
Which in its freedom may be blest,
As well as with that clogg oppress.

The

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 99

The Ceremoni's but the Shell,
The Kernell is in loving well.
Why should we then be forc'd to
make

A feast for Ostentation's sake,
Since 'tis not of Necessity;
But may be left at liberty.

Marriage did once fall to my share;
And 'twill to thine Phil' never fear;
And yet my Conscience could dispence
With Love before vvithout Offence.
Which now to tell I can't refrain,
Those Thoughts e'ne make me Young
again.

When first my Deer declar'd his mind, }
I could not be to Love inclin'd : }
Till mutuall Vows our Hearts had }
joyn'd. }

But then it chanc'd one Night that we
 Were blest vwith Opportunity,
 When he his utmost Courtship try'd,
 And I as much in me deny'd:

At last (Dear Phil. I must it speak,)
 He grew too strong, and I too weak,
 But what Delight that Conquest
 brought,

My Tongue can ne're express my
 thought,

At ev'ry sigh, and every Kiss,
 How vve transported vvere with blisse?
 How vvhistl' intranc'd in Love we lay?

Our wandering Souls were fled away.
 And if We err'd at that blest time,
 Our passion might excuse our Crime.

The most that could our Spirits awe,
 Was but a breach of humane Law:

And

And shall such *Edicts* that vwithstand,
Which boundless *Nature* does com-
mand,
Their *Justice* to *Oppression's* grown,
If *Lovers* may not use their *Own*.
But fear not *Phil'* that I design,
That my *Example* should be thine ;
I think thy *Vertue* vvill refuse ;
And begg my *Weakness* thoul't excuse.
But if it happen so to be
That thou like *Opportunity*,
shouldst have , (for certainly none
knows
How *Fate* their *Actions* may dispose)
And should'st consent ; (I put this case)
The *matter's* not such great *disgrace*.
What *resolution* can *avail* ,
When pow'rful *Love* does once *assail* ; ,

And *pleads* for that (which is no more
Then what thy *Mother* did before);
Vertue it self must be betray'd,

For *Morals* then aside are laid.

Now all was *hush*, and after this
Scarce the faint *Eccho* of a *Kiss*

Could well be heard; for *Phil* com-
pli'd

In *Heart*, though *Fear* her *Tongue* still
ti'd,

Vertue that rare but comely *Grace*,

Which in *frail flesh* has seldom place;

Had almost gain'd her tender *heart*,

No wonder then 'twas loth to part.

When banisht *Vertue* once withdrew.

My *Mother* soon her own *strength*
knew;

And silent *Courtship* does pursue,

Till

Till sleep my *Phyllis* did surprize,
And drew the *Curtains* of her *Eyes*.

No *Usurer* that long has lent
And rookt an *Heir* at *Ten per Cent*.

So nimbly does the *forfeit* take,
When his last *Lordship* lies at stake,
As did my *Circe* post away,
When her *Charmes* had secur'd the
prey.

Nor *Æson* when with pow'rful *Art*,
Medea did new *Life* impart,

So actively his *Limbs* did use;
As I reviv'd with this glad *News*.

Not a less noise the *Aire* receives,
When *morning-dew* salutes the *leaves*,
Then made my *steps*: so light I went,
As if *Loves God* his *Wings* had lent.

As

As soon as I the *Bed* came near,
 To *Venus* thus I made my *Pray'r*.
 Great *Goddess* now to make me *blest*,
 Vouchsafe me thine own am'rous *cest*,
 The same I mean on *flowry Ide*,
 Which *lucky* was to th' *Thund'rers*
Bride;

When *Masquerading* for a *Bout*,
 At her last *shift* it *help'd* her out;
 And in *Joves* *senses* caus'd such *strife*,
 That he for *Miss* mistook his *Wife*:
 And briskly *strugling* in the *dark*,
 The *Mountain* made *St. James's Park*.
 No sooner this *Devotion* paid,
 But in the *Bed* my self I lai'd.
 Some *Hot-scur* now would make no
stay,

But in his *Talons* seize the *Prey*,

But

I. Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode. 109

But that I thought would rather be
Gross folly, then good Policy;
Needless for that 'tis to use force,
Which if well manag'd comes of course.
This made me then resolve to grutch
My self th' Indulgence of a Touch,
But wait the time till she should wake;
And first perceive her own mistake.
No whining Brother such a tryall,
Er'e had of so much self-deniall,
As I: before me having meat,
But aw'd by prudence durst not eat.
Yet some advantage was that night
Th' assistance of pale Phebes Light,
Though feeling's bard; I us'd my sight.
So I disclaim thee, thou a Lover
To Cuckold Vulcan didst discover;

Who

rob Gallantry A-la-mode. Part II.
Who in the *manner* (by his Art)
Surpris'd him, that he cold not part:
Then like a *limping Villain* plods,
And call's to's *shame* the *smiling Gods*.
So *Citizen* that ne're did hear
The frequent *sailings* of his *Deare*,
Inform'd by an officious *Friend*,
His *cheating* business cannot tend :
Till he to *Guild-Hall* brings the *Fest*,
And *proves* himself a *well-born'd*
Beast.

But to my *Story*, I survey'd
(whilst in sweet *slumbers* drown'd she
laid.)
The naked *Beauties* of her *Breasts*,
Where thousand *Cupids* make their
Nests.

Comparisons I here forgoe
 Of Alabaster, driven Snow,
 Worn out by Poets long ago.
 They need no more Hyperbolies,
 Then their own Native purities.
 But whilst I from these Objects pass,
 To View what else uncover'd was:
 A sudden Trembling seis'd her Heart,
 And in her sleep she seem'd to start;
 Her breath that silently had past,
 With sighing murmurs blam'd its hast.
 As if the Aire that she drew in,
 Unwilling was to go 'nt agen.
 So have I seen a stream that's deep,
 With its slow motion lull'd asleep;
 But vvhhen by shallow Rocks deni'd,
 It wakes: & does their Rudeness chide:

Up sprung Her arms, and catch't at
Aire,

Then clos'd; as if s'had something
there;

So strong they claspt, the Bed they
shak't,

And then with vwant of breath she
wak't.

Her hands could scarce their Office do
To rub her Eyes, mine did so too.

And with her Actions, time did keep,
As if I just had wak't from sleep.

No Fowler er'e so close did watch,
VVhen that he would a Dot'el catch.

When Phillis found I vvas awake,
Mistaking me, she thus did speak.

Dear Mother I no sooner clos'd
Mine eyes, but in a Dream suppos'd

My

My self into a Chamber brought,
Which with rich Furniture was
fraught.

Side-boards it had vvith *China* prest,
Those brittle *Glories* of the *East*.
Glasses there stood reflecting *Light*,
And dazel'd the *Spectator's* sight.
To *Hangings* next vvhich *Persian* loom
Had Wove, my wandering eyes did
come ;

VVhere a rare *Hand* had done its *part*,
That *Nature* seem'd outstript by *Art*.
I wrong that *work* should I forget
Those *fruits* and *flowr's* ith' *Border* set.
Such *multitudes* were there exprest,
And those of *fight* and *shape* the *best*:
Had *Paradise* it self been by,
Twould *blush* at their *Variety*.

Here

Here whilst a Bird with greedy beak
A ripen'd Cherry seems to break,
One might perceive the juice to fill
His Throat so full, he seem'd to spill
Pure christal drops: which at first view,
Descending seem'd like pearls of dew.
There whilst I view a full blown
Rose,

Its leaves just shatt'ring I suppose;
At least so ticklish seem'd their stay,
The smallest breath might blow't a
way.

But though this Borders work was
rare,

With that within it can't compare;
Ages to come may fetch from thence
A Model for lost Excellence.

The

The Story was Hypomene's strife
 To win his Love, or loose his life;
 Oh! how it did rejoyce my heart,
 To see the Youth t' have got the start,
 My pitty boyl'd up to the brim,
 And wishes ran along with him:
 Viewing Atalanta at his heels,
 My heart as much of anguish feels.
 Oh Savage Maid! see I a truth?
 And canst thou hurt that lovely
 Youth?
 Curs't be thy Vow which fierceness took
 Beyond the Charms of his sweet look,
 Beauties excelling thine would bless
 Themselves at thy scorn'd happiness:
 Soone should decided be that Race,
 Were I, were I but in thy Place.

Here

Here scarce for *weeping* could refrain
 Mine Eyes till I had view'd again;
 Her *Visage* then seem'd to look down,
 Half had a *smile*, and half a *frown*;
 Wondring what pow'r that *smile* could
 draw,
 A golden *Apple* then I saw;
 Its *Beauty* seem'd to affect her soul,
 And as she *look'd*, that seem'd to *roll*;
 And *frivolous* as much as well it may
 To advantage him, and her delay.
 Thus did I think, and more had said
 To praise the *Youth*, and blame the
Maid;
 But then consider'd it might be
 That I deserv'd much worse than she,
 Who pitty did to shadow show,
 And a substantial Love forgo.

How

How oft have I left him forlorn;
And all his kindness paid with scorn;
If I did permit, (I hold won't)
I was with intent to scoff at it.
How was I pleas'd when he was gone
With but a Recollection.
How oft he did Addresses make;
How patiently abuses take;
None but a Fool could Rage abridg;
Were not this Female priviledg;
When I more freedom did him give,
And would sometimes a Treat receive;
Lord how precise I was and nice,
Excesses scarce could me entice
To eat, as if it had been his right
To find me meat, and appetite.
Vn he a Present did bestow,
In acceptance was so slow;

ow

The time and labour that he lost, wou
Might almost countervail its cost
But now blest freedom waite'd by thee,
I am resolv'd to be more free;
Thy sight has since convinc'd me more
Then all his Courtship did before
Let Opportunity be kind,
I'll satisfie his longing mind
Thus whilst I said (and turn'd my head
To view a stately Damask Bed,
Whose Golden fringe did seem to be
The Indies in Epitomy
I thought at first seeing so much,
Some Midas turn'd it with a Touch,
Enter'd my Love, and as I fear'd,
All my discourse had over-heard.

Scarcely

Scarcely had Diobus when the spyl'd
Aetion by the Mountains side,
A deeper blusht; then my cheek dy'd
Only I had the happier fate
To blush for Love, but she for hate.
Love seem'd with him to crown the
place,
From ev'ry motion came a Grace:
Smiling he says, (and takes my hand
Whilst I like Statue raviſt stand)
Phillis how long wilt thou refuse?
And let thy Conscience still accuse
Thee for Injustice: to hold out
Against Love; which cannot doubt,
How canst thou entertain a Flame?
And not believe I have the same.
The Love that Jealousie can cross,
Is not as yet refin'd from dross.

Why should I now thus stand in awe?
 Since Love has to it self a hardy crew,
 Both *Boyle* and *Opportunity*, to get a
 Design this way for *be* and *me*. In O
 Not the bold *Falcon* takes her flight,
 When the the *Quarry* has in sight,
 With *Expedition* more than he
 Seem'd in my *Dream* to seize on me;
 Striving to call my *Voice* I mist;
 Beyond my power 'twas to resist:
 With the same force he me beguil'd;
 With the same force me reconcil'd;
 Never till then my thoughts I found
 That Love had *Balm* to heal its wound,
 And was as willing for to be
Pomona, as *Pertinax* he.
 But thus whilst I repeat *Loves* charms,
 And think him sure within mine arms,

VVishing he might continue there,
It wak't, and found nought else but
ayre.

(Here did she turn, and clipping me)
Dear Mother what should these things
be?

Goodness! in what a strange Extream
I am, sure this was more then Dream:

I find my Resolution halt,
And almost could permit a Fault,

Had I been Impotent, or old,
This would have made me young, and

bold,
If Ixions blood grew raging mad,

VVhen for a Mist a Cloud he had,
Much more might mine; having as

good
As Juno, real Flesh and Blood.

No more was said, but *Phil* if you
False joyes thus please; what then will
true ?

I sigh'd, she strove, and in her pain,
By striving eccho'd sighs again;
But when strength fail'd she fell away,
And like a stone as Senceless lay,
But then continu'd was my strife,
Till by that skirmish she took Life,
And by degrees prevailing Charms,
To clasp the Foe compell'd her arms:
Then came new Sense to every part,
And with quick motion spring'd her
Heart;

Joy then succeeds ith' place of Mone,
Love can dissolve a heart of Stone;
And with its pure *Ætherial* fire,
Thaw the benum'd and froze Desire.

Part II. Gallantry A-la-mode, 119

So was at first *Pigmalions* Miss,
Unactive to her profer'd *Bliss*;
But when *inspired* from above,
Grew warm with *sympathetick* loves,
She *blush'd*, and knew not what it meant,
Till th' am'rous God surpris'd consent.

Conclusion.

So *Cæsar* when his *Wars* were done,
His *Pen* ran or'e what's *Sword* had
Won,

And in that *Conquest* triumph't more,
Then in his *World* Subdu'd before.

GALLANTRY



GALLANTRY A-la-mode

PART III.

O *H Indignation!* how I swell,
When but my *Thoughts* revive
that Hell.

Drinking the *Vice* of this damn'd *Age*,
Madness and *Fury* does engage,
To cause such *baseness* to be shown,
Which till that *time* was never known.

A long intended Treachery;
 (Mixt with the Druggs of Lechery.)
 To act some unsuspected chuse
 A Time might fit me for Abused
 A Tavern they design the Stage,
 To shew this Trajedy of Rage;
 Mine the chief Part! O misery
 Miss and two more the Actors be,
 She with her Mate the first meet there,
 Hugging themselves in jumbling chaire;
 Not long before the Play was out,
 And then comes old Companion Pent.
 So Dogg and Bitch we do deride,
 When they their True-Loves Knot
 have ti'd,
 When Mirth was vanish't from his eye,
 Miss and himself no Company;

He

He sends for one his *heart* to *hear*, A
That might outvy a *dancing Bear*:
Of *Whimsy's*, *Freaks*, a *Madrigall*,
In all his *Actions Comickall*.
With his addition they made *three*,
Yet one more want, and that is *me*;
When *Messenger* the *News* did bring,
My *Love* strait puts me on the *Wing*.
But dear *Experience* prov'd at last,
I did but then make too much *hast*.
When come, I saw the *Nymph* arise
Like *Morning* from the *Eastern skies*;
In parallel my heart did run,
And *Persian* like ador'd that *Sun*.
Her *Humor* was an *Harmony*
Of brisk *Discourse*, and *Repartee*;
But O *misfortune*! in a *trice*,
We must forsake that *Paradice*.

One of crosse Humor I might well
Ill Omens by his Look fore-tell;
Yet unregarded let him go
Because I oft had known him so
One that to curse an Age I'd spend
I lie if I should him name friend
For drinking Brimmers was inclin'd
Nor better pleasures there could find
To Misses mirth dos disagree
That Surfeits him, that pleases me
The Wine pour'd out sent back no
Smile,
As conscious of ensuing Guile;
But by its blushing did presage,
Dismal Effects of its own Rage.
VVhen subtile Fumes began to rise;
And I in danger of Surprise;
VVhen

VVhen Reason came to his last stake, O
My Seeming Friends I thus bespake. III
If for my own it may not be,
Yet for the Nymphs sake pity mee,
Now whilst 'tis time let us prevent,
That which too late we may repent. I
Think but how vain Excuse I show,
That say I thought it would not be so.
Which of you now can ignorant be,
Of mine (I blush)..... Infirmity:
Since thus my humor you have known,
VVhat prove my Faults, you make
your own.
Yet still they press, but like a Rock
A did resolve to stand their Shock,
As one Plot fail'd, they new Create,
And Masse at last make Advocate.
VVhen

Then

Then did the Nymph begin to tribe A
Charms Resolution can't deny.
Her Wit and Beauty must prevail;
For those are Weapons never fail;
Now though I had resolv'd t' obey,
Yet by Remonstrance thus did say.
Fair Nymph you might have bid me do
Something would better please us two.
Then had I no Excuse at hand,
For to delay your just Command:
By this I fear what may ensue,
Will neither please my Self, nor you.
So Jove at Semeles Desire,
Came down vwith his Celestial fire,
And Phoenix-like does Nymph expire.
My Lips that now their Duty pay,
May be Seduc'd and disobey;

And

And what's order'd as soon may be
Contemn'd by an Apostacy,
What baseness cannot Wine infuse,
And could you pardon such Abuse,
My Reason by your Will is cross'd,
And in that labyrinth almost lost:
What's your Request: no force can
want,
Nor can you ask what I can't grant.
Now does appear in Misses Eye,
The Triumph of a Victory;
That her Desires should be obey'd,
To Sooth my Humor thus she said.
Yourself with Scruples don't deceive,
What you can Say; I can forgive:
Words can't offend in Wine exprest,
For then Abuse is but a Jest.

Then

Then when the Nymph her Work had
done,

To see th' Event, sits looking on.

Whil' st to each Health I Drimmer pay,

Unknown my Reason Steals away.

My Stam'ring Tongue something lets
slip,

Displeases Nymph 'twixt Cup and Lip.

She might have pardon'd me, when
that

I spoke scarce she or I knew what,

I did endeavour what I could,

But none but she me understood:

First Sillables were placed last,

I in that Gibrish made such hast,

I would puzzel Linguist to detect

The Riddle of my Dialect.

And L Fair

Fair Nymph what mean'st, be not
 amaz'd

At Deuill thou thyself has rais'd,
 My mumbling cannot do thee harm,
 Believe me conning of a Charm
 To stir up Lowe: that word Amor,
 Which thou mistak'st, and turn'st to
 Where.

Now female Furi's past recall,
 Nymph is grown the Deuill and all;
 And gives me then a small disgrace,
 By throwing Wine upon my face.
 Could I haue spoke, I'de said dear

Miss-
 Rain without thunder wholsom is;
 And may be thank'd her too for this,
 But now t' appease her I despair,
 Her nimble fingers seize my Hair;

And

And both *fast* in that *Conflict* bound,
Do *tumble* groveling on the *Ground*.
Who'd seen that *skirmish* would have
se'd,

Herodia's had her *St. John's* head;
Were we *hung* out no better *signe*,
Then *us* could *recommend* the *Wine*.

Whilst that she *sayes* my *Death* she
sought,

Each *Twice* her *Bedkins* *stab* I thought.

Long was it e're that *bold* shee'd part,
But *longer* did endure the *smart*;

Though scarce I knew when she let
loose,

My *Pate* like *Anvile* had *such* *blows*

From one that then might *well* me

share;

And take *Revenge* upon the *square*;

When I might *do*, what he could *dare*.

130 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part 3.

Nymph disingag'd, a while I stood,
And blushing drops did think my blood
No Welchman at the sight of's Gore,
Enrag'd with Fury ever swore,
As I for this to swinge that Whore.

As Taper drawing near its End,
In the last flash most light does spend:
So I believing Death drew nigh,
Not unrevenged fain would die.

What Wine can prompt I now begin,
Manhood is out, and Devill in.

That Nymph a Fury seems to me,
Which I ador'd as Deity.

On drinking tends this cursed Fate,
Each in excess to Love, or Hate,
Like Lightning at the Nymph I flew,
And with my fall down her I drew.

When

Part. 3 Gallantry A-la-mode. 131

When she of *Safety* did *despair*,
Her hideous *shrinkings* rend the air.
Then 'twas too late to act that part,
When most *obdurate* was my heart.
That *hand* that had been *welcome bold*,
And from that *Sex* found *loving bold*;
(To think of't does my *Grief* renew)
Should such a *mean Revenge* pursue:
Palsie benum't, all can be said;
'Tis not the *first* that *Wine* betrai'd,
But though I do my *Self* accuse,
Yet will not that the *Nymph* excuse;
When what ensu'd I did fore-tell,
Had she *believ'd* all had been well.
So had *Cassandra* *Troy* repreciv'd,
But like true *Prophet* not believ'd,
Of wretched *mortals* 'tis the fate,
To find too soon; they're wise too late.

132 Gallantry A-la-mode. Part 3.

Could I but half so well have *gnest*,
At what lay smother'd in thy *breast*,
I *poysen* would have *quast*, and *burst*;
Rather then *thus* have *quench't* my
thirst.

I me not the *first*, nor *last* shall be,
That will be *once deceiv'd* by thee.
In this thou such a *Course* didst take,
Prudence could scarce prevent *mistake*.
'Tis not *impossible* to find,
With *peerless aspect*, *peerless mind*.
Thy *outward shape belief* might win,
As *mirror* of thy *heart* within.
Which had it been my *luck* to meet,
Feature and *disposition* sweet:
That would have *pardon'd* my *Mis-*
chance,
Considering the *circumstance*.

When

Part 3. Gallanter *Ala Mode.* 133

When Time had brought me to a Sense
Of my Deserts, for this Offence
Mine Eyes that I can safely swear
For Seven years past han't shed a tear.
Their flood-gates then should opened
be,

And deluge for that injury.

No tongue could then enough confesse
Such favour with its thankfulness.

When thou to this Revenge giv'st
place,

Thy Glory's clouded by Disgrace;

Thou dost participate my Guilt,

And proov'st thy self at best a Jib.

Thy pardon never begg will I,

Unless it be by Irony.

Pardon me dear and pretty Punk,

T'ad nere been said but I was drunk;

I will begin to practise force
 Upon my self in all Discourse;
 Lest that my *tongues* unbridled youth
 Should touch the confines of a Truth;
 And when *invention* wants a Lye,
 Thenceforth I'll quit thy Company.
 But now thou'lt say 'twas *interest*
 made

Thee to this action me *perswade*,
 And for that *am'rous* Sirs sweet sake,
 Thou didst this *frollick* undertake.
 If so, then vvhhat fell out may be,
 A warning both to thee and me:

When we to great attempts consent,
 We think of what may prove th'euent.
 So some of thy *Profession* chance,
 Whilst they their *praise* would ad-
 vance;

Full oft to have the hard mishap,
 Of being sped with swinging Clap:
 When show'r of Guiney's does suspend,
 The Tryal of a twist, and bend;
 And they or' swear'd by weighty fee,
 Against their wills must modest be:
 Whilst others less Returns have made
 Wanting convenience of close Trade;
 Yet cautious are, and will not do,
 Without a sight, and trial too:
 (Though small's their Gain, great's
 their Content,
 Whose boldness can such harms pre-
 vent.)
 Are certain of (ere they lie down)
 Security, with half a Crown.
 But though 'tis time to take my leave,
 This fault shall not my Love bereave;
 What

What once I purpos'd must not be,
 Thy Sex commands my Charity;
 And spite of all I wav'ring find,
 My Resolutions as thy mind;
 Therefore dear Nymph before I go,
 Some Wishes on thee I'll bestow.
 May'st thou enjoy Prosperity,
 In practising thy Mystery;
 And never come to know the want
 Of treating Cully, kind Gallant:
 That will detest base Avarice,
 And value pleasure by its price.
 Nor Gallants' absence may'st thou rue,
 But Ariadne like find new.
 And since this fate thou need'st not
 dread,
 Because so luckily th' art sped;

With

Part 3. Gallantry A-la-mode. 137

With one propitious Chance has *Jen*,
Whose *dotage* makes him permanent:
May that old *Satyr* in desire,
Through his *glass* Eyes thee still ad-
mire;

When thou ly'st down in wanton play,
To feast his sight seem'st *Milky-way*;
When wrapt in *Smock* without a Gore,
With *Net-work* Point plac'd just before.
He skips, and frisks, and's strangely
proud,

To see the *Moon* peep through a *Cloud*.
May'st thou his reverend *Age* accost,
Like a *May morn* the rimy *Frost*;
In a selected happy hour,
To melt him to a golden showre:
The best *Content* he can bestow,
Or thou from him desir'st to know.

May

May he so fond and blockish be,
Nere to suspect thy Constancy.
Let Wit thy Filting so refrain,
That Reputation thou may'st gaine;
Then let Discretion still maintain't,
That thou through P^{unk} mai'st seem
a Saint.

FINIS.

